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# My Darling Daughter

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# My Darling Daughter // Katie Skipper

My Darling Daughter,  
I thought I died the day  
you stood there,  
nervous and sad  
and told us you made a mistake,  
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,  
I thought I died the day  
when protesters screamed  
that you were a whore  
but wouldn't allow you  
to fix your mistakes,  
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,  
I thought I died the day  
when we found out  
that the abortion centers  
were all closing  
because of a law  
passed by men  
that thought a Man  
in the clouds told them to,  
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,  
I thought I died the day  
when they said that  
a minor inconvenience to you  
was worth it to save a life  
but when I asked if they'd  
pay for the medical bills  
they said no,  
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,  
I thought I died the day  
that we asked who would  
care for the child you didn't want  
and were told that someone  
would want it,  
but when we checked, no one did,  
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,  
I thought I died the day  
When our minister asked us  
Not to come back to church  
Because he heard what happened  
And said we lived in sin,  
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,  
I thought I died the day  
That they told us to be proud  
That the parasite in you  
Might one day cure cancer  
And I thought of your dropping grades  
And wondered if you might have  
One day, if you had had the chance,  
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,  
I thought I died the day  
When I found you  
Red eyed in your room,  
Asking if "thou shalt not kill"  
Then why could I kill the spiders  
In your room when you were young



But you couldn't kill a clump of cells,  
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,  
I thought I died the day  
When I called 911  
Because I found you  
Trying to fix it yourself,  
Covered in blood in the bathroom  
Coat hanger on the floor,  
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,  
I thought I died the day  
That I saw the boy  
Who had equally wronged  
Walking a free man  
While you were forced  
To spend a year of your life  
In a prison of hospital rooms,  
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,  
I thought I died the day  
When you looked at autonomy laws  
And found that no one can force  
You to donate blood  
To save a life,  
Not even after you're dead  
And when you discovered that you had  
Fewer rights to your body than a corpse  
You wished you were one,  
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,  
I thought I died the day  
    That I watched you  
    In agony, deliver a baby  
    That you and no one else  
    Wanted, and what should  
    Have been a happy moment  
    Made you cry,  
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,  
I thought I died the day  
    I brought you home from the hospital  
    Empty and sick,  
    Your body mutilated  
    By that new life that they thought  
    Mattered more than yours,  
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,  
I thought I died the day  
    When it was finally over  
    But you looked me in the eyes  
    And said that it will never be over  
    Because somewhere out there is a child  
    That no one wants,  
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,  
I thought I died the day,  
    I found you in your room  
    The pill bottle on your nightstand,  
    And when the EMTs told me  
    What I already knew,  
But I was wrong.

My Darling Daughter,  
They thought I was fine the day  
    When it was truly over,  
    As I watched the clumps of dirt  
    Hit your coffin as you got your  
    Greatest wish;  
    To have the rights of a corpse,  
But they were wrong.